ound to be killed, and the dilemma amused Mr. Gould more than anything that had occurred in a long time.

"One day a man presented himself at Mr. Gould's office and demanded to see the millionaire. Somebody else offered to transact any business that he might have. The man was very dignified and said he would treat with nobody except Mr. Gould. Mr. Gould happened to overhear his remarkand, step-ping to the door, asked him the nature of his business. The man reached into an inside pocket and quickly drew out a long brass cylinder. The natural conclusion was that the man was a dynamiter and that the instrument which he held in his hand was a bomb. The door was clammed shut and everybody in the office made a wild rush for a place of safety. No explosion followed and after a time one of the clerks reconnoitred. The man still stood where he was left with the cylinder in his hand. He succeeded in convincing the clerk that there was no danger, and Mr. Gould returned to the door. The man said he had the greatest invention of the age, in which he wanted Mr. Gould to invest a few millions. It looked like a squirt-gun, but the man said that it was a pocket churn, which would make it possible to have fresh butter at each meal. All that was necessary to do was to put some cream in the churn, stick the churn in the pocket and in idle moments agitate the paddle.

GOOD-TEMPERED AND LIBERAL. "Mr. Gould never gets violently angry. When he is provoked he denotes the fact by shaking the forefinger of his right hand and saying, 'That was wrong,' or 'That should not have been done.' He was never known to utter an oath or to use an opprobrious epithet. He never gets excited. Under all circumstances he is the same unperturbed, self-possessed, calculating man. His demonstrations of pleasure, although not boisterous, are much more marked than those of anger. During the yellowfever scourge in Memphis he sent \$10,000 to the sufferers. One of the Wall-street newspapers which was inimical to Russell Sage announced that Mr. Sage would sing the 'Star-spangled Banner' on the steps of the Stock Exchange for the benefit of the sufferers. The proposition struck Mr. Gould as being so extremely absurd that he leaned back in his chair and laughed more heartily than anybody .had ever heard him before. The publication was intended as a satire on Mr. Sage's prudence

in money matters. "About the same time a lady came to Mr. Gould's office and said that she would contribute \$10,000 and go to Memphis to care for the sick if Mr. Gould would give her an additional \$10,000 to be expended in her work. Mr. Gould replied that his great regard for her personal welfare was his only objection to promptly handing over the money to her. She was perfectly willing to risk her life, but Mr. Gould insisted that he could not listen to such a thing.

"Mr. Gould's car was attached to a train on which was a number of plumbers and other mechanics on their way to San Francisco to work on the Palace Hotel. When the train pulled up at Laramie, a towering frontiersman was swaggering up and down the platform of the station with half a dozen revolvers stuck in his belt and his pockets bulging with cartridges. One of the plumbers jumped off the train to get a drink, and his uncertain steps caused him to collide with the wild and woolly West-

"'Do you know who I am?' growled the walking arsenal, in the voice of a grizzly bear. 'I am a bad man from Bloody Canyon, and I don'teallow no tenderfoot to look at

"Well, I'm a bad man from Newark, N. J., said the plumber, and with that he brought his fist under the other bad man's left ear, and the terror from Bloody Canyon was stretched out senseless on the

"Mr. Gould heard the row, and stock his head out of a window of his car and asked what the matter was. He was told that a man had just been put to sleep. He did not understand at first, but he soon found out the nature of the rumpus, and had a quiet

"When Mr. Gould was in control of the Unon Pacific railroad he went out West to look over a proposed line to Leadville. At the mouth of a canyon, quartered in a little shanty, he found a young engineer, whom he employed to make some surveys and maps. Mr. Gould asked him if he did not find it pretty lonesome out there in the wilderness. The young man replied that if he had \$5,000 he would consider himself one of the most favored mortals. with such magnificent surroundings as he possessed. When he returned to New York, Mr. Gould sent the engineer a check

"Mr. Gould is the most liberal man to his friends and employes that Wall street ever knew. Many times he has made investments in stocks for people and handed them the profits. They have taken the money and tried to add to it by speculations. Not understanding the devious ways of the stock market, they lost all, and promptly accused Mr. Gould of setting traps to catch them. Men who made fortunes through association with Mr. Gould and lost them after breaking off their re-lations with him have found excuses for their misfortune by charging it to his mach-inations. Mr. Gould has often said that it was impossible to succeed in Wall street without large capital and without being a member of the combinations made up to manipulate values.

"Mr. Gould has no superstitions and no rejudices. He looks at everything in a hard, matter-of-fact way, and deals with conditions instead of theories. He uses neither tobacco norliquor. He never smoked but once. That was soon after he started in the stock brokerage business in Wall street many years ago. He went to a dinner attended by a number of brokers, and at its conclusion was prevailed upon to try a cigar with his coffee. His experience was the same as that of the averge small bby who is learning to smoke. The room turned upside down, and there were all the other customary symptoms of the first cigar. If it can be said that Mr. Gould has a bad habit, it is the habit of drinking coffee. He is inordinately fond of black coffee, and often drinks three or four cups at a meal.

"Mr. Gould learned a valuable lesson in the brokerage business from Jim Fisk. Mr. Gould asked him how he conducted his

"'Our business,' replied Mr. Fisk, 'is conducted on a very simple plan. When a customer puts up margins we immediately divide them among the members of the firm. We never had to refund but once. An old man left \$10,000 with us as a margin, but he died before he could give us an order, and we had to pay the money to the adminis-

"Your plan is very simple,' said Mr. Gould quietly, but also understandingly. "Ne man ever had a happier home than Mr. would. He is absolutely devoted to his shildren, and they in turn fairly worship

## CARTRIDGES FOR SHARKS.

How a Sandy Hook Pilot Has Lots of Fur with the Man-Eaters.

New York Herald. Readers of Charles Reade's "A Simpleton" will remember the ingenious device by which the hero of that entertaining story kills the shark. He rigs up a gunpowder charge in a glass bottle, fixes electric wires to the bottle, threws it overboard, and just as the shark bolts the bait the hero explodes the charge with his little battery. This is neat, but electric batteries are not

always handy, and sharks are unpleasantly common, particularly on the banks. So a certain Sandy Hook pilot of a thoughtful turn of mind has devised an improvement on Mr. Reade's idea. He found a paper gun cartridge that can be exploded simply by pulling out the central pin. He ties-or plices he calls it-a piece of fine strong meat, pulls a little on the line and there you are-a nice dead shark.

Shark fishing is not advised for supplying the larder, but it is mighty useful just the every year, besides occasionally nipping off an unwary fisherman's arm or leg, and bevice, recommends it to the fishermen's use

They Went Too Far.

Hartford Courant. The tables and statements elsewhere tell enough to show that this is a rather serious specimen of the well-known "off year" in READING FOR SUNDAY.

Hope to-day, my child, and hope again to-mor-Hope on through all thy days, trust in a future And every time the sun doth bring his day of Pray to thy Father dear, and thou shalt com-

Our faults have caused us all our sufferings, lit-But if perchance we pray, all kneeling low and When blessings for the pure and the penitent are Our Father, seeing us, will grant us what we

-Victor Hugo. International Sunday-School Lesson for Nov. 16, 1890. JESUS CONDEMNED. (Luke xxiii, 13-25.) GOLDEN TEXT.—For the transgression of my people was he stricken. (Isa. lili, 8.)

HOME READINGS. Mon.—Jesus condemned...... Luke xxiii, 13-25. Sat.—Without a cause......John xv, 17-25, Sun.—Perfect through suffering. Heb. ii, 1-10.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. Rev. Lyman Abbott, in the Christian Union. Who was Pilate? A man of the world; a Roman: one who believed neither in God nor in immortality; one whose moral sense had in it no religious inspiration, behind it no religious sanction; a man whose only religion was the religion of a man of the world; whose only support in an hour of trial was the sense of honor that is so much vaunted and is so feeble; a man that would have resented with wrathful indignation the charge of cowardice, and yet a man that proved himself a coward in an hour that tried his courage; not inhuman; not cruel; not meaning to be apostate; not conscious of the great crime he was about really to commit. Let us not misjudge him. Let us not be unjust even to him. He was a judge. He sat upon his throne. There stood before him one whom he regarded as a mild, harmless religious enthusiast, Prejudice had been aroused against him. Should he let this man go there would certainly arise a riot in Jer mor of which might reach the Court of Rome, and might bring trouble upon him, certainly would bring trouble upon the nation. Should he execute him-only one more harmless enthusiast out of existence; no great harm done. So he palters with the mob, endeavors by various devices to appeal to the sympathies of a mob that has no sympathies; does not do the one brave thing he should have done; does not say, "Though the heavens fall, justice shall be done," And when, at last, the high priests hiss in his ears, "This man made himself a king, and he that lets a claimant to the throne go free is no friend of Tiberius Cæsar," he resists their demand no longer. When his imagination calls up the picture of that most jealous and cruel monarch that sat on the theone of the Cæsars, when he remembers that his own place may be swept from under him at the demand of this same priesthood, enforced by this same mob, he washes his hands of responsibility

In the arrest and trial of Christ three figares stand out before us, and throughout human history have had the stigma of an ineffable disgrace marked in letters as of hving fire upon their toreheads-Judas Iscariot, Caiaphas, Pilate. Judas Iscariot, a worldly man, whose worldliness and ambi-tion stifled the higher and better impulses of a nobler nature. Are we innocent of that? Caiaphas, who made his religion a means for promoting his own preferment, and invited superstition to strengthen selfishness. Has the American church no antitype of that? Pilate, who, in an hour that demanded unflinching courage, proved himself a coward. Are there no cowards in American politics? no men in American history that have been turned from the straight path by the clam-or of public demand? no danger with us in this nineteenth century lest we bow to the will of a majority that demand what our own conscience condemns? none of us that are inclined to write across the sky, as though it were the authority of the Su-preme and Final One, Vox populi vox dei, forgetting that the voice of the people in the greatest critical hour of human history was, "Crucify him, crucify him;" and one of the great criminals of human history was criminal because he was a coward in an hour that demanded courage? There is no courage that has not conscience behind it, and no conscience that will sustain a man in the hour that tries men's souls that has not as its reserve guard faith in God and in an eternal future. This is the les-son which Pilate's awful crime has written

and says: "I do not condemn him; but take

him and execute your own sentence upon

in history for us. Of General Interest.

An unknown giver has presented to the Young Men's Christian Association of Haverhill, Mass., \$10,000 for a building. William P. Southworth, of Cleveland, O., has given \$50,000 for a ward or wards in the hospital there to be devoted to the care of sick and disabled children.

The contest over the will of the late Rev. Dr. R. H. Robinson, of Fort Plain, N. Y., has been settled, and Syracuse University receives one-half of the estate of \$35,000. There are now about four thousand churches of all denominations in Great Britain. Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle among the number, which are using unfermented

wine for sacramental purposes. Many of the Catholic papers have been quite severe in their criticisms of Archbishop Ireland for his kind words toward the American public-school system. He is reported as saying that he will give them ive years to catch up with him.

With a view to suppressing the enormous whisky-smuggling business in Quebec, Cardinal Taschereau has issued a letter to his flock on the evils of the liquor traffic, strongly condemning the smugglers, who are henceforth to be deprived of the benefit of the sacrament of the church.

Twenty-five years ago there was not one Christian woman working in the zenanas of India. Now there are over one hundred from Tinnevelly in the south to Peshawur in the Punjaub in the north; and beginnings of the same work have been made by the Church of England at Foo Chow, China, and in Japan.

During the past fifteen years the Cincinnati Baptists have added seven new churches to the number then existing, the total number now being twenty-six: the total membership has risen from 2,544 to 4,020, and the total amount of benevolent contributions raised last year is four-fold what it was lifteen years ago.

The Rev. Thomas J. Porter, in the last "Missionary Review of the World," writing as to the religious condition and needs of Brazil, declares that the "imperial need of the country is Christian education, from primary schools to a Roberts College. Such schools would be the right arm of the Church of Christ in molding the republic."

To marry the deceased wife's sister is still a sin, according to the United Presbyterian Synod of Western Pennsylvania. At least they persist in their refusal to sanction an alliance of this sort made by the Rev. Dr. Ewing, claiming that it is contrary not only to church law, but also to the teaching of Leviticus xviii. Leviticus xviii is pretty good law as far as it goes, but it has nothing to say about the deceased wife's sister, and consequently Dr. Ewing had a strong minority support at the meetings of the synod last week .- Exchange.

Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopa Church, has recently spoken as follows of the national university which is proposed in Washington: "I am delighted to find wire to the pin, puts the cartridge in a upon my return to the United States that piece of meat and heaves it overboard fast the public is taking such a deep interest in to a stout line. The shark gulps down the | the success of the proposed national university in Washington. The suggestion has taken a deep and lasting hold upon the people generally. The bishops at their last meeting in New York indorsed the idea same. Sharks rob the fishermen on the of the university, and commended the enbanks of about half their bait and catch | terprise to the support of the whole Christian church of the United States. T land, a tract of ninety acres in the north ing disagreeable neighbors generally. This west part of Washington, which has been modest pilot, who will not patent his de- secured at a cost of \$100,000, will, it is expected, be paid for by the people of Washfree of charge. He has been trying it this | ington at the rate of \$20,000 a year for five

summer, and he says it is a sure pop and years. One payment has already been lots of fun, too. made, and \$25,000 more has been pledged." The extra-cent-a-day plan of raising money for foreign missions is said to be working admirably. The first band was formed in the Congregational Church at Newton Center, Mass., in November last. Mr. S. F. Wilkins, of that town, is the aupolitics. A reaction against the party that carried the previous presidential election was expected, but the business is rather everdone.

SIT. Wikins, of that town, is the adaptive that the plan, and is successfully pushing it, largely at his own charges. He has started a little monthly, the first number of which is before us. It is called The

Extra-one-cent-a-day Band. We copy the following paragraph from it:
"It was not intended to interfere with other ways of giving, and therefore only an extra cent a day was called for, and simple ways were suggested for saving that small amount. The band started with about forty members, of both sexes and all ages, and its membership has increased to 116. It will give in a year, with its present mem-bership, \$423,40-all extra, one-half going to the foreign work through the American board, and one-half to the work in our own land, through the several Congregational societies for home work." There are now twenty-three such bands.

Thoughts for the Day. The way to fame is like the way to heaven, through much tribulation.-Sterne. The crosses which we make for ourselves by a reckless andiety as to the future are not the crosses which come from God.— Fenelop.

That which is often asked of God is not so much his will and way as his approval of our way.—S. F. Smiley.
My advice to all men is that if ever they become hipped and melancholy to look at both sides of the question, applying a mag-nifying glass to the best one.—Dickens. Duty is never uncertain at first. It is only after we have got involved in the mazes and sophistries of wishing that things were otherwise than they are that it seems indistinct .- Robertson.

Written for the Sunday Journal. Irresolute.

stand irresolute; My soul is eager to explore The realms of fame that I adore, Far from Duty's rugged shore; My muse looks on in smiling guise, The smile lights up her dreamy eyes, She beckons with rosy finger tips, And welcome words flow from her lips, Till from stern Duty's path I glide, I haste to reach my muse's side. But, fickle muse is she: The smile dies on her ruby lips, She lifts her robe and trom me slips And leaves me standing, as before, Between the land I would explore And Duty's dark and rugged shore—

-Harriet Chitwood. Written for the Sunday Journal. The Rivaled Muse. She climbs no more Olympus way, This literary love of mine-To catch such vision as she may In glimpses from that height distine

Dare mortal man assume such odds? Deep in her tell-tale eyes I see She leaves the pathway of the gods To walk a world of praise with me.

In Flanders. Through the sleet and fogs to the saline bogs, Where the herring sish meanders, An army sped, and then, 'tis said, Swore terribly in Flanders:

hideous store of oaths they swore. Did the army over in Flanders! At this distant day we're unable to say
. What so aroused their danders:
But it's doubtless the case, to their lasting dis-That the army swore in Flanders:

And many more such oaths they swore, Did that impious horde in Flanders! Some folks contend that these oaths without end Began among the commanders,

That, taking this cue, the subordinates, too,

Swore terribly in Flanders: "Twas "----Why, the air was blue with the hullaballoo Of those wicked men in Flanders. But some suppose that the trouble arose.
With a certain Corporal Sanders,
Who sought to abuse the wooden shoes

That the natives wore in Flanders, Saying, "---What marvel, then, that the other men

Felt encouraged to swear in Flanders! At any rate, as I grieve to state, Since these soldiers vented their danders, Conjectures obtain that for language profane. There is no such place as Flanders,

This is the kind of talk you'll find If ever you go to Flanders.

How wretched is he, whoever he be, That unto this habit panders! And how glad am I that my interests lie In Chicago, and not in Flanders,

Would never go down in this circumspect town However it might in Flanders.

Elf King. [Translated from the German of Goethe.] Who rides through the darkness so late and s Who rides through the night wind! A father and

He nestles his darling up snug from the storm; He holds him safely, holds him warm. "My son, my son, what startles your gaze?"
"Then don't you see, father, the King of the The elvan king, with crown and train?"
"My child, 'tis only the mist and the rain."

"Thou lovely child, come, go with me! Most charming games will I play with thee; The gayest of flowers bloom there on the strand; My mother has golden garments at hand

'My father! my father! and didn't you hear What Elf King whispered so soft in my ear!"
"Be quiet, my child! 'Tis the wind that deceived 'Tis the wind as it sobs through the boughs an

the leaves!" "Wilt thou, pretty child, but away with me, My beautiful daughters shall wait on thee; My daughters shall nightly revels keep And dance thee, and rock thee and sing thee

"My father, my father, and don't you see there The Elf King's daughters with shimmering hair?" "My son, my son, I see it quite plain;
"Tis the old gray willow that glistens with rain!"

"I love thee, I'm charmed with thy beauty, sweet

And be thou unwilling, then force I'll employ!"
"My father! My father! He seizes my arm!
He hurts me! The Elf King has done me some

The father hastes, rides on like mad And closer clasps the murmuring lad; He reaches home in pain and dread, For in his arms the child lay dead! -Russel M. Seeds.

The Old Story. The waiting-women wait at her feet, And the day is fading down to the night, And close at her pillow, and round and sweet, The red rose burns like a lamp a-light.

Under and over, the gray mist lops,
And down and down from the mossy eaves,
And down from the sycamore's long wild leaves
The slow rain drops, and drops, and drops. Ah! never had sleeper a sleep so fair; And the waiting-women that weep around Have taken the combs from her golden hair, And it slideth over her face to the ground.

They have hidden the light from her lovely eye And down from the eaves where the mosses grow The rain is dripping, so slow, so slow, And the night-wind cries, and cries, and cries. From her hand they have taken the shining ring, They have brought the linen her shroud to make: O the lark she was never so loath to sing, And the morn she was never so loath to awake! And at their sewing they hear the rain,-

Drip-drop, drip-drop, over the eaves, And drip-drop over the sycamore leaves, As if there would never be sunshine again. The mourning train to the grave have gone And the waiting-women are here and are there With birds at the windows and gleams of the sun Making the chamber of death to be fair. And under and over the mist uniaps, And ruby and amethyst burn through the gray, And driest bushes grow green with spray, And the dimpled water its glad hands claps.

The leaves of the sycamore dance and wave. And the mourners put off the mourning shows. And over the pathway down to the grave The long grass blows, and blows, and blows.

And every drip-drop rounds to a flower,

And love in the heart of the young man springs, And the hands of the maidens shine with rings, As if all life were a festival hour.

A Queer Boy. He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes," But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.

Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears,

And he's lost for the day to all mundane By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear, Now, isu't that queer!

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound," Very weary of life, and of "tramping around." But if there's a band or circus in sight, He will follow it gladly from morning till night. The showman will capture him, some day, I fear, For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit." But mention base-ball and he's cured very soon; And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole after-Do you think he "plays 'possum?" He seems quite sincere:

-St Nicholas

But-isn't he queer!

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by foreigners. There are 10,862 school districts, 62,372 teachers and 2,800,000 school children in

The largest bear-skin in the world is in Kansas City. It was taken from an animal weighing 2,800 pounds. Liverpool, England, has 250 miles of the best paved streets in the world, and it costs

less than \$40,000 a year to keep them in perfect repair. Two of the albums sent to the international exhibition of postage-stamps at Vienna were insured for £2,500 and £3,000,

respectively. H. C. Wheeler, of Odebolt, has under cultivation the largest farm in Iowa. It comprises 6,200 acres, every foot of which is under cultivation.

The slave population of the country was 2,009,043 in 1830, 2,487,555 in 1840, 3,204,313 in 1850, and 3,953,760 in 1860. Missouri had 25,-091 slaves in 1890, 58,240 in 1840, 87,422 in 1850 and 114,931 in 1860.

Dark-haired persons have a better chance in the great struggle for existence than those of the opposite complexion, except in contagious diseases, where blondes are comparatively exempt. Cascade county, Montana, has been put

to an expense of \$800 by lawsuits concerning four tame ducks, between neighbors. One of the parties has been sent to the penitentiary for perjury. The Chantauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which was organized in 1878 with a

membership of 700, has now 17,000 circles

located in all parts of the world, including a branch at the Cape of Good Hope. A platina coin bearing the image of Antiochus of Syria, who died 164 B. C., has been found at Tepe-Kermene, an ancient town in Crimea. It is the only one of the kind known to exist and therefore of great

value. The United States government holds in its vaults a greater amount of gold and silver than any other government in the world. It is the direct custodian of \$325,-600,000 in gold coin and bars, and \$318,000,-

000 in silver. Soundings in the Black sea show that beyond a dept of six nundred feet the water is so impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogas emanating from decaying an and vegetable matter that living organisms are not found there.

Nearly 7,000 pounds of attar of roses were exported from Turkey last year, worth \$350,000. Essence of geranium has been employed for adulteration, and the Turkish government has now forbidden the im-

portation of this essence.

Some amazingly big pumpkins have been raised in Maine this fall and the contest for the honors is now on. Mr. Guy Mullen. of Newport, is pretty well to the front in this, having raised seven on one vine whose com-bined weight was 102 pounds.

The receivable traditions of China go back to 3,000 years before Christ; and one of their sacred books, the Shu-king (treating of history and of the government and laws of the ancient monarchs), begins with the Emperor Yao, 2,357 years B. C.

A person born in hot weather stands the heat a great deal better than one born in the cold months of winter; of course, the rule works vice versa. Those born in the spring are usually of a more robust constitution than if born at any other time of the

Frank Beslin, a blind editor of Salt Lake City, is soon to have a remarkable opera-tion performed on his eyes. It will be the transplanting of rabbits' eyes and connecting them with the optic nerves. This operation has been successful in a number of

A newspaper at Newcastle, England, commemorated its centenary by republishing its first issue. During the day a country couple called at the office to answer an advertisement for belp on a farm. They were informed they were one hundred years late. The Siamese have great regard for odd

numbers, and insist on having an odd number of windows, doors and rooms in their houses and temples. There must be an odd number of steps in the stairs and an odd number of feet in the height of all steeples and minarets.

Amoretti says: "The island of Ferro, one of the Canaries, through which passed the first meridian of Ptolemy, was the point through wich the line marked out by Pope Alexandria VI passed." After the discov-ery of Brazil by Vincent Pinzon the line was removed 30° to the westward. John Markham, an Irish land bailiff who

had been boycotted for ten years, and was constantly guarded by the police while he lived, died a few days ago, and, the guard being relaxed a little, some persons un-known stole his body and made away with it so effectually that it has not since been found.

The elephant is almost as amphibious an animal as the hippopotamus. They can stay under water five minutes at a time without any inconvenience and they swim like ducks. Frequently they are carried into a river or creek in the summer time to bathe, and like the water so well that it's a hard matter to get them out of it.

An English writer tells of two cats which advanced daily from opposite ends of a long and lofty wall, and, meeting in the middle fought with great fury until one or both were precipitated to the ground below. upon which the fight ceased immediately, the combatants remounting the wall and basking peacefully side by side in the sun-

The following populations make an in terresting comparison: Russian empire. 113,354,649; United States, 62,480,540; Germany, 46,852,450; Austria-Hungary, 40,464,-808; France, 38,218,603; Great Britain and Ireland, 35,246,633; Italy, 28,460,000; Spain, 17,550,246. It is only a question of time when we shall lead even Russia, and with our increase will be the leadership of the English-speaking civilization. In a dry well recently found in an old

house at Gilchester, England, were found a great number of farm implements. The principal specimen is a carpenter's plane of quite modern type, although unquestionably more than fifteen hundred years old; three or four axes, retaining their fine-cut-ting edges and still quite serviceable; a number of chisels and gouges of all shapes

and sizes, hammers, adzes, saws, files, etc. When Boston was a small hamlet some of the more adventurous settlers wandered away off into the wilderness, as much as ten or twelve miles from the coast; and having concluded to settle, petitioned the colonial fathers to build a road out to them. The wise councilors considered the matter and rejected the request on the ground of the suposed improbability of civilization ever extending so far west.

A salmon taken at Astoria, Ore., had a silver Waltham watch and chain in its mouth. The watch had evidently laid in the water for years, as the steel portions crumbled to dust when touched. Its presence in the salmon's month is accounted for by the fact that salmon at this season of the year will eagerly bite at any bright object, and the watch and chain had been caught by the net dragging on the bottom. As it was hauled in it attracted the attention of the salmon, and he took it in.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Modern Conveniences.

New York Weekly. Little Girl (in church) - Why does so many people put those little envelopes on th' contribution plate?

Little Boy - Them's to keep the pennies from makin' so much noise.

A Long Pedigree. New York Herald. Van Gotham-Van Blewblud has a very long family tree. Hasn't he? Murrayhill-Long! Well, about half way down there is a side note-"About this time Adam and Eve were created."

has a dozen aiready.

Johnny-O shucks! His are all good "conduc" prizes, an' who wants that kind

Unsentimental.

Not the American Youth.

Mr. Poeticus (entering cheerfully)-My love is like the red, red rose! Mrs. Poeticus (looking up from the stove) -You'd look red, too, you lazy scribbler, if you'd been bending over a frying-pan for twenty minutes!

Indigestible.

The Epoch. "Take back the heart thou gavest."
"Why should I take it back?"
There was a hush of expectancy and the



Is not an experiment; it has been tested. and its enormous sale is due solely to its merit. It is made on honor, and good "is a necessity." Don't let your dealer give you some other kind, if he hasn't Santa Claus, but insist on having only SANTA CLAUS SOAP.

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Mfrs., Chicago, Ill. RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

From Indianapolis Union Station. East-West- South-North.

Trains run by Central Standard Time.

Leave for Pittsburg, Baltimore (d 5:15 a m. Washington, Philadelphia and New (d 3:00 p m. York.

Arrive from the East, d 11:40 am., d 12:50 pm. and d 10:00 pm.

Leave for Columbus, 9:00 am.; arrive from Columbus, 3:45 pm.; leave for Richmond, 4:00 pm.; arrive from Richmond, 10:00 am.

Leave for Chicago, d 11:05 am., d 11:30 pm.; arrive from Chicago, d 3:30 pm.; d 3:40 am. Leave for Louisville, d 3:55 am., 8:15 am., d 3:55 pm. Arrive from Louisville, d 11:00 am., 6:25 pm., d 10:50 pm.

Leave for Columbus, 5:30 pm. Arrive from

Columbus, 10:05 am.

Leave for Vincennes and Cairo, 7:20 am., 3:50 pm.; arrive from Vincennes and Cairo; 11:10 m., 5:10 pm. d, daily; other trains except Sunday. VANDALIA LINE -SHORTEST ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST. Trains arrive and leave Indianapolis as follows: Leave for St. Louis, 7:30 am, 11:50 am, 1:00 p m, 11:00 pm. Greencastle and Terre Haute Accom'dation, 4:00 pm. Arrive from St. Louis, 3:45 am, 4:15 am, 2:50 pm, 5:20 pm, 7:45 pm.

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listeners leaned far out over the veranda to catch the dying note of love's lyric. "Because," came the reply wafted softly on the wings of evening, "because the boarders won't eat it." It was the butcher. Plausible.

"Papa, what made Latin a dead lan-

"It was talked to death, my son." Love's Excuses. Smith & Gray's Monthly. "But, my dear Alice, he is so awfully round-shouldered! "Well, I'm sure, if you had to carry such

a lovely great mustache as Captain Dun-ellen's, you would be round-shouldered, A Safe Inference.

Friend of the Family-Somebody told me that your son George was now a prominent tigure in politics out in Indiana. I hope he is sound on all the great moral issues of the Paterfamilias-I think so. He has just

been defeated for Congress. Smith & Gray's Monthly. "What brought the wrinkles in that man's face, papa?" "Care. "Oh! What brought the wrinkles in his

"Want of care." No Danger.

coat. papa?"

"Oh!"

Jameer-What are you doing nowadays? Spacer-I am writing the lives of great men for a biographical dictionary that is being compiled. Jamser-Aren't you afraid to undertake work of that sort? Spacer-Oh, no! The men I am writing about are all dead.

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Mr. Scadds—Nope; but if your parson will admit 'em to his church I'll go downtown to the slums and spend \$5 car fare in sending a hundred heathen to the missionary!

Wished He Hadn't Spoken.

story and it took me only one day to Mamma-Johnny, you should try to win prizes in school, like Tommy Brown. He Jackson (a subscription-paper fiend)—Ten BICYCLES---New and Second-Hand, dollars in one day; \$60 in a week; \$3,000 in a year! Come now, Tomson, don't tell me you can't afford to subscribe \$10 in aid of the Home for Aged Horses. Put your name right here on this line, please,

> The Ruling Passion Strong in Death. Smith & Gray's Monthly. St. Peter (reading card) - Mary Ann Swipes; age, forty-eight; Methodist. Cor-

rect. Spirit of Mrs. Swipes—Dear me, I feel so strange! Where do I sit? St. Peter-Third row to the left; right back of the Baptist benches.

Spirit-What! Does the Methodists sit behind the Baptistsf (Firmly.) I don't want to go in.

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